

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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AT THE OFFICE OF  
**THE JEFFERSONIAN.**

It is said that the following epigram was suggested by a visit to the fleshy individual now on exhibition in Boston:—  
All flesh is grass—so doth the Scripture say—  
And grass when cut and dried, is turned to hay.  
Now if old Father Time his scythe should take,  
Lord bless us! what a hay-stack you would make.

## A Very Fast Man.

The last arrival from California announces the death of the celebrated brigand Joaquin, after a life of robbery, debauchery and murder. He was captured by the kindred of those he had outraged, who paid him the compliment of cutting off his head and preserving it in spirits.

We have read much of this man, and we do not regret his fate, although cut off in what they call the prime of his days. We however, demur to the exultation which some of the daily papers make over his exit. He was a fast man of the fastest style; doubtless he committed rapine, robbery, murder, and the whole coterie of outrage.

So did his brothers, the fast men of Broadway. The only difference is, that they proceed openly and legitimately, while the other effects his object hypocritically. Indeed, if it comes to a very close comparison, the advantages are all on the side of the California bravo, and against the counterfeit of Broadway. One is really a man, we admit, both violent and irreligious, but the other is a monkey.

Both seduce, but mark the difference; the Joaquin swells carries his lady off like a hero of a Bowery melodrama, and woos her as the lion woos his bride. Bad as this sounds, it is better than the fraudulent stealthiness of drugged cordial and the false oath of a Fifth Avenue Joaquin.

Both rob; but one does it openly, possibly courteously. The lamented Joaquin cut the throat of his victim in a very superior style before he rifled his pockets, which he never did till he was in a state of utter consciousness; not so the Joaquin of Broadway; they swindle their tailors, grocers, hatters, jewellers, while in the full possession of their senses, and leave them to pine of a broken heart or bank. Thus these Plutarchian comparisons compel us to give the verdict in favor of the great original Joaquin, and to recommend his contemptible imitators in great cities to hide their diminished heads, which like the captive in question, they most certainly preserve in spirits by drinking at every saloon in Broadway.—N. Y. Review.

## Bachelor Buchanan.

Few perhaps know the cause of the lonely life of our Minister to St. James, Mr. Buchanan. The story is briefly told. When in his early manhood he paid his addresses to a beautiful lady of his native city of Lancaster. Each became deeply enamored, and they were engaged. On a given evening she requested his company to a party at a friend's, which he declined on a plea of business engagements. Circumstances rendering it necessary, he, late in the evening gallanted a young lady to her home, and on the way—they met. Mortified and chagrined at what she deemed unfaithfulness and desertion, and imagining the worst, she left the city early in the morning and returned—a corpse! Such is the sad story of his early love; nor can the high places of distinction and trust make him forget, nor the wreaths of honor that encircle his brow, bury the memory of the early loved and lost.—Day Book.

A bachelor recently left his boarding house, in which were a number of old maids, on account of the 'miserable fair' set before him at the table.

A young lady being told by a young lawyer that in the country where he resided they held Court four times each year, exclaimed, 'La, me! why you ain't half up to the business—the young fellows here come a courting three times a week.'

## To Prevent Dampness in brick Walls.

Dampness in walls may be prevented, and a more uniform temperature secured in the rooms, by enclosing a stratum of air in the wall. A space of about three inches, should be left between the outside half brick, or stretcher, and the inner wall: this space may be commenced on the foundation course; where it is desirable to have the basement story dry; where it is not, it should be commenced at the first floor and extended around the building.

Then cut wire about three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter (or not thicker than the joints in the wall are intended to be) into pieces, nine inches long, bend one inch of each end of these pieces to a right angle, and both ones in the same plane, for ties to connect the wall across this space. Every three courses lay them over it, about two feet apart, with their ends half way across the bricks upon which they lay, so as to have them not over each other, but equally distributed along the space. If the space is not over three inches wide, it may be closed at the top by a heading course, which, being sheltered from driving rains, cornices, and eaves, will not conduct any water to the inner wall. At the ends of the building it may extend to the top of the joists, and the wall be dropped off the thickness of the space, and then built solid, or it may be continued to the rafters. At the door and window jambs the band may be kept as usual, by clipping the headers; and at the chimney, the space may be stopped at the flues, and greater thickness of the chimneys will insulate them.

As atmospheric air is one of the very worst conductors of heat, it will prevent the wall from being suddenly heated or chilled through by changes in the weather. In very cold climates it would be better to have strips of sheet iron, three and a half inches wide, laid along over the space at the top of each story, with one edge resting in the joint of the outer wall, or upon the wires, and the other leaning back against the inner wall so as to be highest on the inside, and the partition walls to extend across the space and connect with the outer wall. This, by cutting off the communication, would prevent the air, as it acquired a more elevated temperature by the heat of the room in which the fire is kept, from rising, and its place being supplied by the colder air from other parts of the building; and then by having duplicate sash in the windows, with a stratum of air between them, the insulation would be complete. To prevent injury to the wall, from the expansion of the enclosed air, small openings should be left between the ends of the bricks, near the bottom of the space about one half an inch wide, or not large enough to admit rats. The pieces of wire may be dipped in pitch or oil paint to keep them from rusting.

These pieces of wire may appear to be a slender tie to many, but it should be remembered, that though a single hair of the wire by its mass, and any required strength may be attained by increasing the number of wires. But placed as above recommended, the wires would bind the wall better than it is often done by the present mode of binding it with heading bricks, for as the tie is hidden by the first course that is laid over it, it is liable to be forgotten and neglected; and this may be one cause of the frequent falling of walls in our great city; the wires across the space will, at any time, be visible, until the space is closed. For the imperfect mode of binding the outside wall, it would be better to leave the space nearest to the inside wall, as the thin part would then be less exposed. But superseding the old Flemish or English bonds, with the present modes in common use, the gain in beauty is not commensurate with loss in strength, and mechanics generally are too much inclined to sacrifice the latter to the former. Those, however, who acquire a character for doing the most substantial durable work, should have the preference; they at least have the pleasure which arises from the consciousness of having done their duty.

By having bricks of double width moulded, and every fifth of sixth course laid with them, the bond of all stretches might be preserved, without at all diminishing the strength of the wall; but so far as my observation has extended this has not been done.

It is stated that the present area of New Orleans comprises nearly forty square miles, which is nearly double the area of New York and even greater than that of London.

The Washington National Monument is now 140 feet high.

## From The Flag of our Union.

"FOR SALE, OR TO LET."

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Mr. Minnows had taken his family to ride with a view of selecting a summer residence just out in the suburbs. Although he had planned to do so for some years, yet he never had found the place which exactly suited the whole family; and so it had been delayed until the present time, when the necessity of doing so was made more apparent, because his house in the city was to undergo sundry repairs.

Mrs. Minnows was an ambitious woman; she had two daughters at a marriageable age, and one son, who would compare with almost any "fast young man" in this age of progress. She therefore deemed it important that such alterations should be made in their city residence as would give it a more imposing air, and be in keeping with her husband's means, who had grown wealthy at a rapid rate. After much consultation with master builders, both Mr. and Mrs. Minnows concluded that a granite front would highly improve the exterior, and being forced to remove at no distant day, we may be sure that an inviting country residence having a board attached to a tree, wherein was written: "This place for sale, or to let," was looked upon with reference to their home, with a very earnest gaze. Such an one presented itself, when "River Cottage," down that grassy, romantic lane, was first viewed by our admiring friends.

And why should they not alight and survey the premises? There was one old man servant still raking over the garden bed, and from him the mystery why such a place should be in the market, was easily solved. Its present proprietor had buried his wife, and the solitude which he found himself surrounded, had led to accept of an offer to establish a commission house in Australia; and putting his children at board, he had that very morning caused the placard we have spoken about to be erected.

"It is indeed a lovely spot," remarked the gardener; "and will not long want for a purchaser. I have had half-a-dozen applications this blessed day."

Mrs. Minnows winked at her husband, and he inquired: "Do any seem disposed to take it, who have examined it?" "Only one," said the gardener, "settled in the belief it was just what he wished for," replied the gardener. "He had a feeble-looking lady with him, and she said she felt as if she should live a great while longer, if she could breathe these balmy airs, sir."

"Do you know his name?" "He left me his card, sir; here it is." The young ladies read, "Robert Miltimore No. 10, Square."

Mr. Minnows laughed outright at the announcement—"Miltimore, that used to be my head clerk, wife," he added.—"That ever he should think of purchasing such a place as this?"

"But, father, he could not have saved it out of the salary you paid him?" "Why, no," remarked Georgiana, "for you remember that old mother he supported, and the crippled boy of a brother he had. He took care of them both till they died."

And now our party turned their attention to surveying the beautiful grounds, laid out with such artistic taste—the lawn so smooth and verdant—the little summer-house on the hill that had an observatory upon its top; yonder miniature pond—an aviary for birds, and a kennel for hounds, while the whole appearance was made perfectly suburban by the clinging vines which overran their sides, mingled with which was some flowering creeper, that contrasted its pink or white hue with the glossy green which encircled it. And the smooth clear river that ran along below its banks, whence it derived its name as "River Cottage!" Did not Mrs. Minnows and her daughters speak of it, "as a love of a place," while Mr. Minnows was consulting about the price and terms of payment with the gardener?

Now, Mr. Minnows was a man who was not very expert in making a bargain; he always thought matters over before he decided; and while his family felt they were almost in actual possession of River Cottage, Mr. Miltimore had secured the premises, and was about removing thither. Of course, no one was to blame but the procrastinating man, who thought too long upon the subject; yet the female department who desired the house and grounds, wreaked their vengeance upon the innocent purchaser. By a strange coincidence, however, the families were brought to be neighbors, a situation being vacated which exactly suited Mr. Minnows, as he could hire the premises for one year, thus giving him an opportunity to decide upon the feasibility of making an annual summer residence in the country.

Mrs. Miltimore was one of the gentlest and most amiable of women—but she was destined to become a victim to that fell destroyer, consumption. Whether the damp fogs and flat surface upon which the cottage stood, or the miasm, which medical men assert as proceeding from a fresh water stream, affected her health and made her more enfeebled, we cannot say—but her cough grew more severe, the hectic flush came earlier upon her cheek, her skin looked more transparent, and her eyes assumed a glassy

hue, which gave evidence of a rapid waste in the physical energies. Yet there was the resolute spirit which surmounted all outward decay, and led her often to direct the horticultural management of some choice flower-beds which she regarded with peculiar fondness. But she could not bear the exertion of making calls among her neighbors, and she thought she satisfactorily explained why she did not—but the Misses Minnows tried to misinterpret her meaning, and set the rumor about that she was a proud, haughty woman, who had no pretensions to the superiority which she asserted, and never failed to conclude, by the information that Mr. Miltimore, or Robert, as they familiarly spoke of him; was once only *father's clerk!* They did not add that he had since been prospered, and was one of the most conscientious merchants on 'change.

Minnows, too, always confirmed what his wife and daughters asserted respecting his clerk; and had he sought for credit in the neighborhood, their continual hinting that "how he could afford to live as he did, was a mystery they could not solve," would not have helped him in that particular. At any rate, the Minnows did not feel complimented by any particular acquaintance with the Miltimores.

The summer wore away, and the declining health of Mrs. Miltimore rendered her a great invalid. She often felt how grateful some kind sympathizing friend would prove to her, but the neighborhood kept strangely aloof, although she at first found a show of social feeling in which she greatly rejoiced.

The Minnows always made it in the way of conversation with their neighbors, to allude to the want of taste which was conspicuous at the Miltimores—"they had ought to have furnished their drawing-rooms for summer, with bamboo furniture; whereas there was only massive heavy mahogany chairs and tables, which to their certain knowledge, were purchased at their marriage—but as they supposed it was a great strain to purchase River Cottage, it was rather the result of necessary economy, than sheer ignorance of being like other people."

In the course of the season, things changed their character. Mrs. Miltimore died, and again the old board which first secured a purchaser was put up, "For sale, or to let," inscribed upon it.

Mr. Miltimore had ever demeaned himself as a gentleman, and was universally acknowledged as such by all who knew him. To his wife he was most devotedly attached, and the Minnows tho't it strange it should be so, as she had no patrimony, and carried nothing but herself with which to furnish the establishment she entered. Perhaps they were not strictly to blame for their inferences, since they had been taught by their mother that the true estimation in which to hold a man, lay in the amount of his wealth; and the greatest charm in a life companion for such, consisted in the tapestry, brocade and ornamental work of which she was possessed! The very idea that Mr. Minnows would have ever become a bankrupt, would have sent his sensitive wife into a hysterical fit, when she was deciding upon eligible young men with whom she could marry her daughters. It was moreover a motto with her, "that the rich should help shopkeepers;" and was she not a consistent lady when she selected at Stewart's, a shawl of a thousand dollars value, and a scarf for each of her daughters, at one hundred apiece, besides brocades and embroideries to match? Yet she would have disdained the idea of being thought an extravagant woman! The truth was, she regarded her wealth as always at full tide, having no ebb.

It would be well, if some ladies were advised by their husbands of the real state of their pecuniary resources. They would know how to better adapt themselves to the evolutions of the ever varying wheel of fortune.

Most unexpectedly, just as the Minnows were preparing for a winter's campaign in Washington, where they could enjoy a "fashionable run" with those they had flitted away the summer months at watering-places, the astounding fact was announced, that Minnows had become bankrupt! That Mrs. Minnows bedewed many a richly embroidered handkerchief with her tears, that the young ladies were chagrined at being thus curtailed of their means, was of no account to inexorable creditors; the vulgar of which asserted, "as they had danced, they must now pay the fiddler."

And now comes the trying ordeal. A man rarely becomes insolvent who has a prudent, well-ordered household; and if by chance he does thus fall, these are tender mercies extended to them; whereas, one who has lived on luxuries and been accounted as aristocracy in his general demeanor, had better settle as best he may; for delay adds but new denunciations, particularly from the female part of our community, who seldom fail to narrate in a highly finished sketch, the extravagances in which such people have indulged, not failing to compare it with the more creditable, consistent course, they have maintained.

But how strangely events are ordered in this life! Mr. Minnows had no sooner failed in business, than Mr. Miltimore kindly stepped in as the friend in need, and inquired if anything lay in his power

with which he could befriended them?

Were ever people more silenced, chagrined and mortified, than those who were on the verge of accepting an offer from one whom they had so misrepresented? Saved, too, as they were, just when they were forced to give up their bamboo summer furniture, and accept of the offer Mr. Miltimore, our father's head clerk, had extended to them, to occupy River Cottage rent free, together with the use of that heavy furniture which had indicated such a want of taste in the old proprietor!

That adversity teaches us lessons which prosperity fail to do, is often apparent. The superficial then recedes and the real only remains. The old board wherein was inscribed, "For sale, or to let," was again taken down, and most unexpectedly, in a suitable time, she that was Laura Minnows, the chief one to burlesque and ridicule Robert Miltimore, walked into church hanging upon his arm, and when she came out, she was addressed as *Mrs. Miltimore!* whereupon the whole neighborhood marvelled, and accepted of invitations to be present at a wedding-party; and soon after Mr. Minnows, senior, became head clerk in the firm of Robert Miltimore & Co., thus verifying the old caution, "let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

Rev. Mr. —, a gentleman of fervent piety and commendable modesty, made an afternoon call in a family which contained a bright and beautiful girl of five summers, and another of some nine or ten weeks. The stately divine was ushered into the parlor, where he found three ladies and the children. In such company he could do no less than to relax his dignity to the extent of saying a few words to the eldest daughter. So he went on thus:

"Well, Ellen, you've now got a little sister. I think I shall take her home with me; I suppose you will interpose no objection?"

No answer but a surly look met this proposition.

"You don't want your little sister; you don't love her; so I think I shall take her; I may, mayn't I, Ellen?"

"Yes," said Ellen, with a scornful and incredulous look; "you may take her, but you don't think you can *nass* her, do you?"

There is an editor in North Carolina with seven bullets in his body—received in duels and street encounters.

We find the following advertisement in the Williamsburg Times, and as we have in our town several incorrigible old bachelors, we insert the lady's card for her and their mutual benefit.

**HUSBAND WANTED.**—By a lady who has been twice married, is in her 19th year, of fair personal appearance, and the owner of \$12,000 in cash. A man who can show that he is possessed of a good character, and neither chews tobacco nor drink rum, has a manly appearance and disposition, not inclined to find fault, and of good business habits will alone be acceptable. Address S. E. D. at this office.

All communications strictly confidential.

Good.—We overheard a queer thing from a little fellow about six years of age a short time ago. The subject 'wedding cake' had been introduced in the course of conversation in which the father was taking a part. 'Father,' said the little fellow, after having apparently reflecting intently on something, 'I shant send you any of my wedding-cake when I get married.'—'Why so?' was the enquiry. 'Because,' answered the little fellow, 'you didn't send me any of yours.'—Exchange Paper.

## Epidemics.

The New York Express, in an article on epidemics, says:

"Yellow fever visited the city of New York, in the years 1741-42, 1791-95-98-99, 1800-3-5-19-22. The deaths were as follows:—732 in 1795; 2,086 in 1798, (population 55,000); 670 in 1803; 280 in 1805; 23 in 1819; 366 in 1822.—In 1805, 37,000 of the inhabitants (out of 76,000, the whole population) fled from the city. In 1804, 40 persons died with it in Brooklyn, but New York escaped.—Philadelphia was nearly destroyed by it in 1793, and again in 1798. 4,081 persons died in 1793, and 17,000 (population 50,000) fled from the city. In 1798, the mortality was great, and 50,000 out of 70,000 died. Several thousand died, and the greatest number of deaths in one day was 117. Baltimore suffered from this disease in 1798, 1819 and 1821."

There is an ox in Dawningtown, Chester county, Pa., weighs three thousand pounds.

## A Singular Colony.

Capt. Gibson, who has become conspicuous by his imprisonment by the Dutch authorities of Java, has given the following account of an island he visited in the Southern Ocean, named *Tistan de Acundia*:

This island is situated about midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn. In the year 1811 the British frigate Pandora struck on a ledge of rocks near this island, on her return home from Bengal, laden with troops. One of their number, Sergeant Glass, while the troops were being landed, preparatory to getting the ship off the rocks, took advantage of the confusion attendant thereupon, and secreted himself on the island, and the ship sailed without him. Glass remained here three years, subsisting in the meantime on the flesh of goats, which here abound, and also on shell-fish and roots. By the expiration of this time he had succeeded in constructing a boat from drift timber and other materials, and proceeded with a cargo of goat skins to the Cape of Good Hope, some 1,600 miles distant. The time which he selected for his departure in this frail craft was during the prevalence of the westerly winds. He accomplished his perilous voyage in safety.

After a short residence at Cape Town he married the widow of a soldier who had died at the Cape; and with his wife and a negro man returned to his solitary island again, taking with him various implements, seeds, arms, and ammunition, together with other necessities, which were liberally furnished him by the merchants of Cape Town. Here the good couple carried out the injunction of "increase and multiply." The result of their marriage was seven daughters, who, in the course of time, were married to men from American whalers who occasionally touched at the island. These son-in-laws of the old man, in compliance with a law that he had made that "no son-in-law of his should leave the island," settled down, and proved as prolific as did the original couple, so that the population now amounts to eighty-four children, grand-children and great-grand-children. The old Patriarch, Glass, is now 32 years of age, and as hale and strong as a youth of twenty; indeed, he says he means to live 60 years longer, and, so far as personal appearances would warrant the judgment, he will keep his word.

A remarkable fact should here be mentioned, that since the island has first been settled by Glass, death has never visited one of its inhabitants.

The amount of land at present available for cultivation on the island is a mere strip of about 250 acres, which is entirely devoted to the cultivation of potatoes and other esculents. But, as the spade is used, and every attention paid to enriching the land, it is even now capable of furnishing support to about 500 persons; and there is no doubt but that in the course of a few years large tracts of other land on the side of the mountain will be brought into a productive state.

The island is an extinct volcano, rising almost 1,100 feet above the level of the sea. The edges of the crater of this volcanic mountain are eternally covered with snow. Within the crater is a magnificent lake of pure fresh water, about one-third of a mile in diameter. This lake is fed by the melted snows, and it overflows in several torrents and cascades down the sides of the mountain, supplying the inhabitants of the island and ships that sometimes touch there with excellent water. The lake sometimes abounds with a very peculiar kind of fish, of excellent flavor, and totally unlike any other species found in the surrounding ocean so that their origin is an interesting subject for the investigation of the ichthyologist.

Capt. Gibson staid at this island for three days, and only left it and its interesting inhabitants sooner than he wished from compulsion, as a dangerous storm was brewing, and the coast afforded no safe anchorage. The grand-daughters of old Glass are described as remarkable for their health and beauty, and it would not be strange if many more adventurous Yankees should be inclined to settle there and marry into this patriarchal fraternity. The women are equally expert with the men in the use of the rifle, fishing rod, and oar, and find no difficulty in obtaining husbands, for whom they make excellent wives. With the men of the original stock, however, the case is different, as women are not in the habit of going "a whaling;" therefore no women come to the island. We are informed that there are now about nineteen young men who would feel under great obligations to some charitable Mrs. Farnham.

One of the young men took his father's boat and with two of his cousins proceeded to the coast of Africa, and made bold to introduce himself to an interesting young Caffre woman, who not being affected with any of the puerilities of civilized life, readily accompanied him home. By her he has three interesting children, and she makes him an excellent wife.—She is described as of a bright brown complexion, thin-lipped, with fine straight nose, most interesting cast of countenance and a slender, agile figure. She has readily acquired the English language, and speaks it with remarkable fluency.